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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

COSMIC HAZE

What a glorified face!—so bright, so sweet:
A child's dear face! and his glances fleet
Shift from his play to his mother's face,
Reflecting a million years of grace.
Yes, earth took a million years to make him:
What wonder high thoughts to love awake him,
Or that I stand in awe and gaze
At the outcome high of the cosmic haze.

What a demonized face!—so wild, so fierce:
A man's hard face! and his glances pierce
Through the smoke of war to aim a ball
To cause a brother of earth to fall.
Yes, earth took a million years to make him—
And another with murderous shaft to break him.
In wonder and awe I stand and gaze
At the outcome mad of the cosmic haze.

What a face transformed!—in vision I see it
And know the whole race in the future shall be it!—
Not a face of love only, but love with sight;
Yes, Man shall himself now endeavor the task
Of remaking the earth as the multitudes ask;
And in wonder and awe he shall stand and gaze
At the outcome at last of the cosmic haze.

JAMES H. WEST.

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXV THURSDAY, JULY 22, 1915. NUMBER 21

COMMUNION

Faintly, I heard aloft the cloudy choirs,
That chant throughout all space and endless hours,
The anthems and the peans of the powers
Whereby the soul of man, aflame with fires
Of unappeased ambition, never tires
In self creation. Then the sylvan bowers
Ceased whispering leaf to leaf; the very flowers
Grew silenter, hearing those mystic lyres.

Upon my knees I sank; the leaning grass
Received me gently, and laid hold my hands:
It seemed as if God's messengers with wands
Drew forth the rhythm of a solemn mass:
Clearer and clearer fell upon my ears
The vast processional of the infinite years!

—*Richard Warner Borst.*

According to the *Christian Life* (London) there are 425 chaplains with the British troops in France, 213 of them of the Church of England, 96 Roman Catholic, 55 Presbyterian, 34 Wesleyan and 27 "others." And the editor wonders "What are the 'others'—Heretics, Infidels, or Atheists?"

Isaac Fisher, the editor of the *Negro Farmer,* draws a too much overlooked lesson from the resignation of Mr. Bryan from the Cabinet of Mr. Wilson, the gist of which is suggested in the title, "If you can't support your 'chief'—get out!" The closing sentences are pertinent, "In the armies of the world, traitors and spies are usually put to death. It still remains now as of old that, 'A house divided against itself cannot stand.'"

In these days England is celebrating the Centennial of Waterloo. The most significant item in the celebration ought to be that now the foes over which they triumphed are welcoming their victors on their own soil while they present a common front against another enemy. Long before another century rolls German and Briton will be found shoulder to shoulder in some common cause. God grant that it may not be with weapons of steel. In the balances of history how slight are the differences that make bloody war!

The Peace forces of the country are invited to join with the American Peace Society and Church Peace Union in an International Peace Congress, to be held in San Francisco October 10-12. It is hoped that by that time the crush of conventions will be over and the cause of peace may have an adequate hearing. The highest interests represented by all the conferences and congresses meet in this cry of humanity for the abolition of war, the retirement of the brute out of the life of nations as of individuals.

The Chicago Hebrew Institute has just been dedicating a noble gymnasium building, which is one more testimonial to the liberality of Julius Rosenwald, Jacob Loeb and their generous co-religionists. The building is a contribution to architecture, it is a model to be emulated by other social centers. But, more important, it is a contribution to character building, a spiritual asset not only to Jewish youths for whom it was first intended, but to the city of Chicago and the nation at large. The building cost $125,000 and is entirely devoted to physical education. Most of its privileges are duplicated, thus paralleling the needs and opportunities of men and women. The full privileges of this building are offered to adult men over twenty-one for $10 per annum, boys under nine $3, women's rates from $8 to $3. Let others go and do likewise.

The Manchester College of Oxford, England, is the English Unitarian School for the training of ministers. Dr. W. B. Carpenter's retirement from the position of principal is an event noteworthy in the history of liberal thought and progressive religion. The succession is a notable line—Dr. Martineau, Dr. Drummond, Dr. Carpenter. Dr. Carpenter belongs to a noble family. He is the son of the celebrated biologist, a nephew of the famous Mary Carpenter, the great friend of unfortunate children. Dr. Carpenter is to visit America this summer and his presence alone will make the coming bi-annual meeting of the Unitarian Churches of America at San Francisco a noteworthy one. Dr. Jacks, son-in-law of Stopford Brooke, editor of the *Hibbard Journal* and the author of many thoughtful books, succeeds Dr. Carpenter as head of the Manchester School—a worthy successor. The King is dead, long live the King!

We sympathize with a contributor, R. L. Bridgman, to the *Christian Register* of July 1st, in his misgivings concerning the potency of the "League for the

Enforcement of Peace," recently organized in Philadelphia. High as were the ambitions and ideals there expressed, earnest and noble as were the men there assembled, they still failed to grasp, or, at least to express, the potent position of the true pacifist, who is content with nothing less than the retirement in international affairs of brute force as it is already retired in the administration of society in the relations of individuals. We want not a "League of Peace" but an "International Union," a "Federation of Powers," an "Organization of the World." And the inspirations of such an organization will not simply be a search for some method by which quarrels can be settled, something to prevent the nations from flying at one another's throats, but it will be a search after common interests, a development of common tasks, a free exchange of commodities, physical and spiritual, in the interest of the whole. We clip the Resolutions passed by the Massachusetts Legislature of this year from this article as perhaps representing the most progressive, co-operative word yet issued:

Whereas, the incalculable cost and calamity of the European war have caused a strong public sentiment for the end of all war, therefore be it

Resolved, That the General Court of Massachusetts hereby respectfully requests the Congress of the United States to make a declaration in substance as follows:

The United States affirms the political unity of all mankind.

It affirms the supremacy of world sovereignty over national sovereignty.

It promises loyal obedience to that sovereignty.

It believes that the time has come for the organization of the world government with legislative, judicial, and executive departments.

It invites all nations to join with it in the formal establishment of that government.

The Negro Farmer, of which Isaac Fisher is editor and business manager, is a twelve-page paper published fortnightly in Tuskegee, Alabama. It is among the most modest of our exchanges but it represents more prophetic potency than many of the more pretentious weeklies that come to our table. Mr. Fisher is a scholar, an adept at statistics, duly imbued with the economic value of science in its application to the soil and the life of the rural community. Added to all this he is a man alive to human rights and one committed to the problems of justice. He is well able to strike these high notes above the dividing lines of political party, religious sect, or race distinctions. The issue for June 19th has an interesting frontispiece, showing the attractive, modern, sunlit rural school building, well named a "Rosenwald School," for it is one of the several school houses built and being built in that section of Alabama through the co-operation of Mr. Rosenwald of Chicago. Mr. Rosenwald gives to any community dollar for dollar up to perhaps $350 or $400, which, with the low price of lumber and the generous amount of volunteer labor on the part of the patrons is securing for the colored children, in the neighborhoods taking advantage of this offer, school house privileges far in advance of the few country school houses provided for the white children in the same territory. The picture of the school building is surmounted with a portrait of Mr. Eli Madison, the colored patriarch of that community, after whom a railway station has been named and through whose pioneer energy the community is being socialized and of course humanized and civilized. This paper will interest a wide range of readers beyond the farmer class. Send for a copy, or better yet, send your dollar and let it come to you for a year and see if it is not an opinion forming visitor.

The Holy Jumpers

An incident in the recent "Wanderings" of the Editor was a visit to the Holy Jumpers at Waukesha, Wisconsin. It was the regular Sunday evening meeting. This community, called together, fostered and directed by one who is said to be a prosperous business man in Chicago, is one that offers much food for thought, and we deplore the mental and spiritual development of the visitor who attends these meetings as a source of amusement, who goes to laugh if not to scoff. One's own religious nature is indeed dull that is not moved to reflection if not to admiration. To the one who believes in spiritual realities he who goes to scoff may remain to pray. This movement challenges attention if not admiration on the ground of its business success. What began with a very small band of simple people with primitive surroundings and unlettered antecedents has grown to be a prosperous community which has recently come into possession of the ample quarters of what was once the famous Fountain House, the fashionable summer resort of pleasure seekers. The once proud ball room where the fashionable danced the midnight hours away is now the central hall for prayer and holy song. The rooms are filled with the devoted members who have proved their devotion by following the example of the primitive Christians, bringing all their earthly possessions and consecrating the same to the cause. Judging by the large number of children present the "school" which they maintain must be a numerous one, and they tell of a recent colonization that sent some three hundred members to Texas to establish a branch colony. There was little distinctive in the theology or the appeal connected therewith at this meeting. It is practically the "Scheme" that is the burden of the Salvation Army, the Free Methodists of the backwoods and the Billy Sundays of the city revivals. The one sole supreme question is how to thwart the devil, escape hell and win heaven. The only unique thing in this perform-

ance is the somewhat systematic use of voice and muscle in giving expression to the emotions of the soul, which, inasmuch as they came from the redeemed, are so jubilant that the jumping, the occasional chasseing down the hall and the plentiful cries, which did not stop even to enunciate the simple words of glory hallelujah or amen, make the exercises at times very noisy and very active. But why not? The psychology of rhythm, the poetry of motion, the primitive language of gesture, the power of laughter, not to say the liberations of vitality through noise, are not only all justifiable but effective means toward an end. Judging from the faces gathered the intelligence was obviously of a low order, but the sincerity was unquestioned. Many would seem to be somewhat sub-normal in intellectual power, but they were gripped by a power not to be mistaken or doubted. The rhythm of the old Greek choruses, the religious dances of the Orient, the gyrations of the Mohammedan dervishes, all seem to find a crude repetition and echo in the somewhat frenzied ecstacies of these Holy Jumpers of Waukesha, whose contributions to the religious life of our time is at least a rebuke to the cold formalities, the intellectual insincerity, the creedal hypocricies that so beset the proud churches of our boulevards and the superficial cynicisms of so many would-be rational religionists.

A Knightly Soul

There abides nothing in the culture of modern times more distorting to history and a perversion of facts than the conventional conception of "chivalry." "Knighthood" in the false light of romance is a thing of the past and "knightly souls" were supposed to be nurtured in the days of armor, sword bearing, and equestrian achievements.

It is the business of true culture, the gift of the philosophy that is rooted in insight to discover the glories of things near, the beauty of lives in and of our own day. Stories of valor more and more assume a civic rather than a martial setting. There lies before us the story of a Twentieth Century Knight, a chivalrous citizen, one who served his apprenticeship in the camp but whose discharge as a soldier was a graduation into the ranks of city-builders, nation developers, a knight errant of high causes, a champion of unpopular reforms. It is the story of Horace McKay of Indianapolis, whose translation we noticed in UNITY at the time of his going hence, last spring. Now the story is told as it should be by the tender hand of one very near to him. And this story is enshrined in noble print and sumptuous pages. The splendid face of the "College Boy," the noble features of "Three Score and Ten," the loving pair "Looking at our Bairnie's Bairns," and the striking picture of "The Three Boys" listening to "Bapapa's" "Story of a Jack-knife" are the illustrations that illumine the story of the quiet though tireless life. This story illustrates the spirit of our times more effectively than any compilation of the economic life embedded in our "industries" and "prosperities." Just a plain Ohio farmer boy, a lad in the army who preferred the obscurity of a private to an unearned commission but did not shrink from the epaulettes when they meant taking a place with the recently emancipated slaves, sharing the ignominy and the special danger that waited an officer of colored troops.

The story promptly passes from the camp to the city struggle and turmoil. Indianapolis has a commendable record. It is a city that has been doing things on high lines and standing for ideals. In the development of half a century Horace McKay was a knightly leader, more anxious to serve than for the emoluments of service. His story is the story of Indianapolis' reach after free thought in religion, after the suffrage right for women, the sanitary struggle of a city with malign malarid environment. All this is hinted at in this beautiful memorial volume which contains the story of his life, with the appreciations that crowned the life at the end. The sketch of his life, the funeral exercises, tributes from press and individuals all make of this Memorial, privately printed, a thing of beauty as well as a thing of strength.

Horace McKay was an exceptional man but there is more in it that is typical than exceptional. He was a civilian, a citizen, an American, a representative of the masses, of the unrecorded chivalry, the unlisted knighthood that make the Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries, with all their shortcomings, the noblest children of time and the latest born of God.

"SOCIAL BARRIERS."

"I am a pup of high degree,
A silver collar I wear;
I've a maid to give me perfumed baths,
And comb out my curly hair.
But you, little child with a ragged dress,
And wretched, worn-out shoe,
Don't try to pet De Millyun's dog—
A child who must work like you!

"I ride in a carriage on cushions soft,
You run in the common street;
With nose upturned I sniff at folks
You run with a shout to greet.
I wear a blanket of stylish cut,
With monogram gold in view;
Don't come too near De Millyun's dog—
A disreputable kid like you!

"I have my dish of dainty meat,
A moldy crust you gnaw;
I loll at ease in a silken lap,
You stretch on a bed of straw.
No, little child, you can't play with me,
Such honor is for a few,
For I'm the imported De Millyun's dog,
And nobody's brat like you!"

—*Exchange.*

CORRESPONDENCE

John Haynes Holmes in St. Louis

Editor UNITY:

Dr. John Haynes Holmes of New York was the Commencement orator at Washington University, St. Louis, June 10th—orator in fact as well as in name. He delivered a most powerful address on the folly of "armed peace" among the nations. Besides pointing out the failure of that means of preserving peace among nations, so palpably demonstrated by the European nations now at war, he went back into the early geological and zoological records and called attention to the fact that the mammoth creatures that were most powerfully equipped by nature with weapons offensive and defensive had all become extinct. This fact, he said, was, next to their very peculiar and unpronounceable names, the most remarkable feature pertaining to those ancient specimens of the animal kingdom. He said that man now had become the most heavily armored specimen of this animal kingdom, in proportion to his weight and stature, and was destined to become extinct if he continues in this direction.

The audience was a cultured one—consisting of students, professors and patrons of the university, and the address was very timely and most enthusiastically received. One of the graduates wrote me afterwards that she was very much interested in the address, partly because it was a departure from the beaten path usually followed by Commencement orators. Though the address was well received by the audience, for some reason it did not get the mention in the daily press that its importance merited, which is one reason why I attempt the next best thing for it, though a bit belated, and send this brief report of it to one representative of the religious press. "REPORTER."

Editor UNITY:

Under the subheading, "Opinions Wholly Adverse," I saw your opinion of "Billy" Sunday in the *Literary Digest* of June 12th. I have sought in all the cities in which he has preached to find some sincere Christian converts as the fruits of his labors. *I have found just three.*

These three converts are exceptions that prove the rule—the rule being that Sunday makes no sincere Christian converts. I am sorry to say it. As a Christian I had hoped, in all the cry everywhere for a revived Christianity, that "Billy" Sunday, however crude, might be the beginner in reviving it.

The aftermath indicates that "Billy" Sunday has done nothing more than pander to the popular fancy in matters of "social uplift" and religion. He has, therefore, illustrated the Scripture which says: "That which is highly esteemed among men is an abomination in the sight of God."

The best that is said of Sunday is that he does a good work along the usual church lines; but, as an evangelist, he should do much more. The churches have for years been acknowledged to be on the decline. Thousands of leading thinkers say they are responsible, by their sins of omission, for the European war. Even many ministers acknowledge the same.

The Boston Post of June 21st gave M. E. Bishop John William Hamilton, 581 Boylston Street, Boston, along this line. Its leading caption was, "Blames Church for the War in Europe."

Verily, with the churches responsible for the greatest human slaughter that the world has ever seen, there is nothing to glory in when a man's religious work reaches no higher than theirs.

FRANCIS BUCK LIVESEY.

West Friendship, Md.

THE CHANT OF THE VULTURES

We are circling, glad of the battle: we joy in the smell of the smoke.
Fight on in the hell of the trenches: we publish your names with a croak!
Ye will lie in dim heaps when the sunset blows cold on the reddening sand;
Yet fight, for the dead will have wages—a death-clutch of dust in the hand.
Ye have given us banquet, O kings, and still do we clamor for more:
Vast, vast is our hunger, as vast as the sea-hunger gnawing the shore.

'Tis well ye are swift with your signals—the blaze of the banners, the blare
Of the bugles, the boom of battalions, the cannon-breath hot on the air.
It is for our hunger ye hurry, it is for our feast ye are met:
Be sure we will never forget you, O servants that never forget!
For we are the Spirits of Battle, the peerage of greed we defend:
Our lineage rose from the Night, and we go without fellow or friend.

We were ere servant Sesostris spread over the Asian lands
The smoke of the blood of the peoples, and scattered their bones to the sands.
We circled in revel for ages above the Assyrian stream,
While Babylon builded her beauty, and faded to dust and to dream.
We scattered our laughter on nations—and Troy was a word and a waste,
The glory of Carthage was ruined, the grandeur of Rome was effaced!

And we blazoned the name of Timour, as he harried his herd of kings,
And the host of his hordes wound on, a dragon with undulant rings.
And we slid down the wind upon France, when the steps of the earthquake passed,
When the Bastile bloomed into flame, and the heavens went by on the blast.
We hung over Austerlitz, cheering the armies with jubilant cries:
We scented three kings at the carnage, and croaked our applause from the skies.

O kings, ye have catered to vultures—have chosen to feed us, forsooth,
The joy of the world and her glory, the hope of the world and her youth.
O kings, ye are diligent lackeys: we laurel your names with our praise,
For ye are the staff of our comfort, for ye are the strength of our days.
Then spur on the host in the trenches to give up the sky at a stroke:
We tell all the winds of their glory: we publish their fame with a croak!

—*Edwin Markham.*

Shoes of Happiness, and other Poems.

THE PULPIT

Men of the New Testament

VI.

John the Beloved

A Sermon by Jenkin Lloyd Jones Delivered January 3, 1915 at the Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago.

Stenographically reported by May Johnson

Prayer

In the joy of a new day, in the conscious benedictions of new opportunities, in the humiliations of things undone that we might have done, in humble penitence for the things neglected, we come, Father, hoping to catch new courage, to find new vision, and to lay hold of life anew as if it were fresh from Thy hand, breaking upon us in strangeness, in glory, in infinite power. Amen.

SERMON

John is the most elusive, pervasive, and persuasive man in the New Testament. Without that thought and literature that has gathered around the name of John the New Testament would be devitalized. He has given rise to a little Testament inside of our New Testament—the Fourth Gospel, the three Epistles that bear the name of John and the Book of Revelation, make clearly a group by themselves. What is known as the "Johannine Literature" has given rise literally to libraries of comment. It has been the basis of pathetic quarrels and tireless discussions. The battle is not over yet. But it is safe to say that the consensus of the most competent students declares that John, the brother of James and the son of Zebedee, who lived nearest to the Master, is innocent of the authorship of any of these so-called Johannine books. They came along in the second century of our era. But they are pervaded through and through with the traditions, the message and the life of that fisherman. As he appears in the first three Gospels he is one of the three or four that are most frequently mentioned. He was with Jesus at the Transfiguration. He and his brother appear in a quite uncomplimentary role when they seek to secure preferred seats in the Kingdom to come. When the Master came down from the Mountain and found that others were casting out devils, John rebuked them only to be in turn rebuked by the Master.

But when we come to the Fourth Gospel it does not mention the name of John. He is always "the other disciple" or "the beloved disciple" or "the disciple whom Jesus loved." At the last solemn supper he reclined his head on the Master's bosom and he of all the twelve followed him clear up to the foot of the Cross. It was he who received the tenderest compliment that a man can give to a friend. In the Calvary bequest He consigned the heartbroken mother to the care of John, saying, "Behold thy mother!" and to the mother "Behold thy son!" And so John passes out of life, out of the records in this ambiguous way, as the one disciple that above all others loved and was beloved.

In the book of Galatians Paul refers to him in their early missionary work after the crucifixion, as being recognized as simple minded and unlettered. On Paul's return to Jerusalem after eleven years' absence he made the acquaintance of John and Peter and James, and says they were then considered as pillars of the church and they gave him the right hand of welcome.

John then may well stand as the representative of that interpretation of religion that is love. If Paul stands for the tremendous intellectuality that has laid the basis for all the creeds, Paul is the source of interminable discussions. His texts, alas, have been torn cruelly from their context, and made the basis of theories and philosophies of which Paul must have been ignorant; if Peter stands for the organized, organizing sectarian, the man of statistics who organized schemes and missionary exploitations, John stands for the interpretation of that religion that is loving and loyal and tender. The Gospel of John, it is safe to believe, is colored by this tradition. Perchance it was written by some one who was able to take from the aged lips of the unlettered Apostle, the recollections and traditions which otherwise would have been lost to the world. Only about eight of the material of the Gospel of John is found in the other three Gospels. Ninety-two per cent of it is brand new. It goes without saying, very much of that is philosophy, teaching and discussions of problems which were not extant in the time of Jesus and of which he was innocent. But all through it you find the golden thread of a personality and of a testimony that illumines the whole with a spirit that makes the Gospel of John at once the despair and the unspeakable treasure of the thoughtful. It is the fountain head of that theology that bloomed eventually into the triune God. It is the result of that attempt at compromise, or to combine the philosophy of the times, the bequest of Plato, with the teachings of the Nazarene.

It is the Gospel of John that gives us the story of the Samaritan woman at the well who out of her anxiety would fain solve the problem of religion that so menaced them. She said to Jesus, "Our Fathers said that on Mount Gharazim was the proper place to worship, and you say that in Jerusalem is the chosen altar of the Lord." Then came that escape from dogmatism that answers for all time. "Neither in this mountain, nor in Jerusalem is the acceptable place for worship, for 'God is a spirit and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth.'"

Now, it is easy to pump up the conventionalities of a sermon on love. I have done it so often in this pulpit that I almost repent of this undertaking. It is so easy to compliment the Gospel of Love; it is so hard to realize it. May I try by two or three illustrations to brush away the hypocrisies that gather around the word "love," the sentimentalities that debilitate, the unconscious insincerities that make our lives inefficient. Oh how we mouth the gospel of love and practice the gospel of force and of hate!

Robert Browning in his "Death in the Desert" has made high poetic use of the tradition that the Apostle John lived to a very, very old age, which enabled him to give to the Fourth Gospel its characteristics. Browning follows the tradition that carried John in his old age out of Ephesus, when persecutions came. Loving hands carried him tenderly and hid him in a cave, and there as the brethren were leaving him for the last time he was carried where the sunlight would fall on him. Here he gave his last testimony. One character in that group was a simple minded native

who stayed apart some distance from the cave, apparently tending a goat but really keeping watch so that he might sound the alarm if enemies approached. After the death the little group scattered and Browning speaks of this:

"Bactrian was but a wild childish man,
And could not write nor speak, but only loved."

Here then is our first lesson. This faithful primitive man of the desert, unable to write, unskilled in speech, had still a great capacity for love. This Bactrian, according to the "Bill" now pending in Congress would not be admitted into the United States, for he could neither read nor write his name. Perhaps the most—I was going to call this stupid, but I want a stronger word—lack of vision, absence of insight, demoralization of spirit, greed and conceit, lead even the Representatives of the United States in Congress assembled, to place the decisive and delusive mark of fitness for citizenship in the United States on this superficial and insignificant power of reading or writing, as if all experience has not proved that these easy accomplishments of the schools are often found combined with hardness of heart, deadness of conscience and weakness of purpose! As if our prisons were not crowded with men who are skilled in the three R's, as if the power to write did not lend itself to the forger as well as to the honest man. And if on the other hand the strength of this and of other nations does not rest with the simple sincerity of loving hearts, with the preoccupations of men and women and little children who tax their health, their ease and their lives under sorest conditions that the love of the fireside may not be desecrated, that hungry ones may be fed and naked ones be clothed. The Bactrian could only stand guard at the entrance of the cave where the great Apostle was dying, the last man who could say, "I saw." He could neither read nor write, he could only love, but he nobly practiced the Gospel of John. The principles of the United States, the flag of our country, if you please, the constitution of our nation, is nobly practiced when faithfully guarded by those who can love them.

But there is another lesson that belongs in here from Browning: "The learned eye is still the loving one." It takes a lot of brains to love wisely. Plato, the greatest intellect of antiquity, gave the scheme of love which Emerson has worked out in his trilogy of love. These are the Initial, the Demonic and the Celestial Loves. Here he traces the evolution and growth of love, beginning indeed with the animal life, the love of sex, the love of the family circle, the love of man for woman which he holds in connection with the love of birds. This is justified in the squirrel's nest and exemplified in the beaver's home. You have not gone very far in the religion of love if you have only known the ecstasy that comes from the girl that you have asked to marry you. You have only entered the outer threshhold of the temple of love if you are only conscious of the ties that binds you with marriage vows.

Following Plato, Emerson rises into that "Demonic" love where the higher Daemons, the angels of patriotism, of denominationalism, of causes, inspire. A great step forward when you forget the selfish limitations of your family, or the outward bindings of the wealth, that dole out charity to the bare-footed and blight their own young with the accursed luxuries that stultify the mind, clog the body and blind the vision. Many never escape from the Initial love of home. My family must be protected! while as to the other man's family, I must be assured that they are absolutely in want of the simplest primitive elements of life before they are objects of concern to me. I know of people who have been disgusted because their interest has been directed to people who are uncleanly. They are disappointd if under much adversity a woman has been able to keep her little ones clean. They want a lot of dirt in the house in order to justify or inspire their charity. Such have not reached the religion of love.

Now we rise into that third plane of Plato which Emerson calls the Celestial Love, in which he says:

Not with scarfs or perfumed gloves
Do these celebrate their love;
Not by jewels, feasts and savors,
Not by ribbons or by favors.

Not glad, as the low-loving herd,
Of self in other still preferred,
But they have heartily designed
The benefit of broad mankind.

For this is Love's nobility—
Not to scatter bread and gold,
Goods and raiment bought and sold;
But to hold fast his simple sense,

And speak the speech of innocence,
And with hand and body and blood,
To make his bosom-counsel good.
He that feeds men serveth few;
He serves all who dare be true.

Thus it is that the religion of love leads us into the higher realms of thought, claims the devout service of philosophy. Love makes canny the simplest, and efficient the most unlettered.

The first charter of absolute religious liberty ever known in the world, was that issued to Roger Williams and his twelve associates for the founding of his colony at Providence, Rhode Island, and five out of those thirteen signed their names with a cross. They could not write their names but they had climbed the John heights of the Gospel of Love of truth and the love of liberty, the love of ideals. That constitution of Rhode Island served as the model, more or less directly, for most of the early constitutions of the states, and has remained sufficient until within a few years.

Love makes wise the simple, love makes profound the statesman, love makes skillful the physician. No surgeon can work upon the dead body, or, upon a model with the acute touch which he can give to the living flesh, the bleeding tissue under his hands. The reason is clear. Added to all his knowledge, added to all his experience which he can bring to bear upon the dead body in the dissecting-room, comes that last inspiration of the true physician—the holy mission of saving life, of ameliorating suffering. He dares under that inspiration to plunge the cold steel into the sacred fabric of the brain, work with his forceps at the central citadel of life, and a great love, enlightened by experience, holds steady the hand and makes accurate the incision. O love is revealing and calls for the highest exercise of brain.

Our good cow "Dinah" at Tower Hill last summer succeeded in secreting her calf for five whole days in spite of the searchings of the whole family who could not find it, although they thought they knew every foot of that hundred acre lot. The litle calf, by some kind of divine intuition, obeyed the mother's behest. He always laid quiet in spite of his fear and stupidity until

the mother came. The mother would go home with the cows and take her place in the stall rather than reveal the hiding place of the treasure of her heart. This partakes of the love that inspires, that makes wise. It changes tuition into intuition, blooms into statecraft and makes radiant the state. Indeed, our militant philosophies notwithstanding, only by love is the state made safe.

All of us have sunny-spots in our lives. Just a moment, an unexpected breaking of the clouds, an unlooked for ray of light touching everything into beauty, makes the common-place radiant, making that moment the glow point from which we measure our time and way to the next point. If we were frank about it, these glow points, these sun-spots in the life of the individual that seem to be insignificant and unimportant, really fix our pay and service in life.

We are nothing these days if we are not militant in our studies and in our appreciation. I was hospital bound in the great battle of Corinth. Cannon, marches and counter marches, charges, and musketry etched those three terrible days upon my weary mind and fever-weakened body. But all that has grown vague, they are fading, there only remains today in my mind the battlefield of Corinth with sun clearness, the vision of a live, gracious, lovely young woman with a noble red apple in her hand. She found me at the roots of an old tree and she said, "Would you like this apple, my boy?" Of course I thought I did. I accepted it but was disappointed when I found that my teeth would not break into the apple. I was too sick to eat. I have no idea how it tasted. I am sure I never ate it. I have forgotten what became of it, but that radiant face, that tender voice and that rosy fragrance stay.

I remember one dark and doleful encampment which has but little in it by which to be remembered, suddenly breaking into radiance when a butler's wagon drove into camp and a woman standing amidst barrels filled with onions, doled them out. The onions were grateful to us who were threatened with scurvy, but the hand that filled the little peck measure of onions for me was the hand of Mother Bickerdyke, she who some months before had rescued me from what was a downward slide to an upward climb.

Perhaps I ought to be ashamed to say that out of the recollections of the forty-seven days siege at Vicksburg a certain keg of pickled onions sent by "Aunt Mary" stands out most conspicuously. That keg of pickles stands out above and beyond all the marches and counter marches, victories and defeats of Vicksburg.

What is true in individual life is true in the history of the race. There are certain sun-spots that break through clouds, that dissipate storms that rearrange the perspective of life and reconstruct the tendencies of nations. Such a radiant-sun-spot broke upon the world when Prince Sadartha, born to luxury, guarded for the glories of the Court, laid aside the trappings of royalty, clothed himself with the yellow robe of a mendicant and went out in search of that which would alleviate the woes of the world. Such another sun-spot broke into the history of the world when in the tragic days of Athens, when politicians were purse proud, when the administration was poisoned with military ambitions, and the humble son of a stone mason went up and down the streets of Athens, talking with the young men, summoning them to temperate lives and higher things. The thought and history of the world have been rearranged from such sun-spots.

Of course we know that when the Nazarene on the Cross crowned heights, with nails in feet and hands, a spear at the heart, said "Forgive them, they know not what they do," and to the beloved disciple, "Behold thy mother!" there again was a sun-spot in history. These spots are not rare or exceptional.

St. Benedict, without sword, undrilled, without uniform, just a monk with a few brothers, consecrated to Poverty, Chastity and Labor, went out to conquer the Gothic citadel of Europe. The legend is true to history that tells how the proud Goth leader, despising the helplessness, the unprotectedness of these monks, bound one of them with strong ropes and brought him back to camp. When Benedict met the proud military man and looked on that innocent prisoner of war, the ropes snapped and let him go free. History is told in parables and philosophy oftentimes lurks in alleged miracles; the fetters so trying were snapped by the man who left Monte Cassino to storm Europe, without an army, with no guns and no weapons, and what is better gloriously accomplished the task. He drained the marshes, he felled the forests, he plowed the fields and softened the barbaric hearts of Europe. Mind you the story of St. Benedict is to be repeated. Fetters will break not by superior force of arms but the gyves of the prisoner of war will be snapped by the looks of the lovers.

I am trying to save myself respect in interpreting the gospel of loving deeds without dropping into the inanities and insincerities in which the pulpit too often indulges when dealing with this subject. We want to stop insulting the Nazarene and His beloved Disciple by talking love while we are nursing hate.

Would you know what the intimate heart of the Gospel of Jesus is as it abides in the hearts of the wise and is interpreted in the light of history? This is the supreme test: "Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you, pray for them that despitefully use you." Are we ready for that? Peace is on our lips night and day. Peace will come sure and lasting only when these terms are accepted. "Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you, bless them that curse you, pray for them that despitefully use you." And those who fain would represent this Gospel of the Christ, who have sneers and jeers for those who would apply his gospel to diplomatic problems and national issues wander far from the Christian's God. If these principles are not good for the nation they are not good for the individual. If they are true for heaven they must be true for the earth.

Something has happened within the last week, reported in the papers which has distressed me much and the greatest distress has come from the absolute stolidity of the public, the absolute silence of the press and so far as I know, no man, woman or child has been moved by it—at least I have not heard of such a movement. This to me recites the stolidity of Chicago and arraigns our prosperity in terms of humiliation and sorrow. The State of Illinois has honored itself beyond all other states in the Union by placing in Statuary Hall in Washington the effigy of a woman, the only woman in that group. The mild, gentle and saintly Frances Willard. Oh! how she cheapens that line of be-ribboned and be-buttoned warriors in that Statuary Hall. How small and intrusive appear

those generals and commodores with their buttons and swords. Measured in the light of history I put the name and fame of Frances Willard over and above that resplendant line of the American soldiery. She wrought more mightily for the well being of the community and the freedom of the individual than many a "General." Her career began like John's, mid prejudice and superstition, with distrust, but she grew like John until her sympathies widened and her fellowship broadened. She lived on until she was a valiant champion of every progressive thing that presented itself to her generation. If you want to find the beginning of this so-called "Dry" movement, read the story of Frances Willard and the W. C. T. U. movement, a movement which to my mind outshines and outlasts any other of the woman's movements that have followed in her train. The mighty host of her lovers conceived nobly, if not wisely, a Temple for Chicago that would be dedicated to temperance, that would be the home of the humanities, that would stand down there in the loop region—one building dedicated to other than money making, one building sacred to love and its mission. The most skilful architect Chicago then had, shaped its lines in beauty; the building was completed and an untold amount of devotion was put into it. The spiritual equation in that building is measured by the self-sacrifice of millions of women, hard-working women, home women, women of the farm, women who sought to protect the helpless, women who fought the saloon and stayed in the work until it sought the suffrage of women, and now they are working for the child against the encroachments of selfish labor.

The other day the mortgage was foreclosed, for a petty $100,000, and it was foreclosed by the Trustees of the Marshall Field Museum. Marshall Field! Let us think plain about this thing—that bargain maker, that servant of greed, that man who in dying tried to take all he had with him, failing that held it away from the life of the world for thirty-five years that the immense fortune might burden, perhaps ruin the joy and life of little helpless grandchildren. This capitalist in the extremity loaned the money which he ought to have given, if he had recognized his co-workers in Chicago. Now the trustees want that $100,000 to put in a few more ornamental gargoyles, etc., on the show building that is to hold the bones of dead animals and other "curiosities" to be exhibited out on the lake front, where one-half the constituency is fish, to whom the building will not be interesting. But it must go there because this bargain hunter had written a fresh bargain in death and conditioned his small gift to the furnishing of a free site. Montgomery Ward was right. Many of us knew he was right. Only a few of us said he was right, but we must save the Marshall Field bequest and so invade the already cramped playground with a show building out there where it is largely inaccessible to those to whom a museum would be the greatest blessing.

Here it is, then, the Temple of Temperance—the headquarters of the humanities, the visible monument to the benignant Frances Willard is to pass over to the Marshall Field Museum, the bargain maker. It was a job lot at the start. With a few millions he secured possession of that which cost unnumbered millions and in recognition of the unnumbered millions of the Columbian Exposition the building was first to be known as the "Field Columbian Museum," but that seemed to place in the minority the founder, so the word "Columbian" was eliminated and now it is the "Field Museum." I wish all success to this curiosity shop, it has a function to fulfill but woe to Chicago if it forgets its prophets, and alas for the city that has no allotted space for the lovers of men unless it be guarded by a golden key as is now the case with Chicago.

We are on the eve of an election and the Mayor is out for the votes of the women. He promises that he will cause to be erected a connecting railroad between the North and South Sides and also a subway, by which Chicago is to be lifted above its present disgraces, of its sincerities and selfish system of spoils. Are these broadened streets and these bridges and subways to lift Chicago into the integrities? A gospel that is not rightly interpreted by the mighty intellect of Paul who tried to formulate a philosophy for the world. A Gospel that is interpreted only in the willing life and the love that rises above the love of man for woman, above the love of country into the great love of truth of life, a love in which all men find their last refuge, to which all nations must at last render account. The nations who have missed this ideal, have passed down and out of the vision of men.

I believe in John the Beloved and I find in Frances Willard, the gentle lady, his best modern interpreter in the life of Chicago since I have lived here. The analogy is more fitting than we can well understand. John began by rebuking those who cast out devils in other names than in the name of the Master. He began by looking out for a good seat for himself in the Kingdom to come, but he grew and providence took care of him and began where he left off and finally broke into the mystic Gospel of John and into the beatific vision of the Book of Revelation.

Miss Willard was a neighbor of mine in Janesville, Wis., before she came to Chicago. I knew her in the old "Sunnyside Home," where the father and mother raised the dear little girl. Years afterwards Frances Willard confessed to me that it was an awfully brave thing she did when she accepted my invitation to preach for me. She said, "I confess I did it with fear and trembling. I did not know whether I did the right or wrong thing that time."

But she grew with her work. Love educated her, until at last she introduced me out of the fullness of her heart as "a member in good and regular standing in the W. C. T. U." She said: "The 'W' excludes him; we are uncertain of his 'C'; we have often differed with him as to the 'T' but he makes such an everlasting fuss about the 'U' that we had to take him in."

Everywhere and always we are ushered into the larger life by loving and in no other way. Love is the more binding and more elevating as it reaches into those supreme realms where the great words of Love and Liberty, of Truth and Righteousness, and Justice obtain. Charity is a damaged word; it is ruined by the pulpit and disgraced by the wealthy. Not "charity" but these great movements of love that hold up the hands of those who stand for forces spiritual that will usher in the Kingdom of Love.

Robert Browning conceived of the old man who fain hoped that he might live until the coming of the Master, fading away with anxiety, lest there be no one left who could say "I saw," and the message of the

Nazarene would grow dim. The dying St. John was unnecessarily anxious for there is a providence that takes care of those things; all lovers are in league with the Eternal.

The Woman's Temple down there on La Salle street may and will be razed. The beautiful dream, architectually speaking and sociological necessity of such a building, may go by default, and skyscraper dedicated to dollars from foundation to top will take its place. But one or two things will happen. If the dream of the Woman's Temple is not realized Chicago in one way or another will follow the fate of Babylon, Ninevah, Memphis and Troy—it will become a forgotten location.

Help us, O Father, into the largeness of love. Reveal to us Thy divinity written ever in the larger and higher causes of life! Amen.

Our Great Idol—Machine

The sinking of the Lusitania is another example of the tyranny of the machine. Germany made a machine that could do something that was unprecedented, and the fact that international law forbade the doing of it did not stand in the way. The mechanists of contemporary life aspire to compel humanity to accept the ruling that the highest efficiency of the machine is the first law of nature. That rule Germany has upheld in the case of the Lusitania, just as our New York police court and grand jury upheld it the other day in the case of Karl Bitter. A machine killed Bitter without fault or negligence of his. Verdict: No one to blame!

If our old friend Moloch, to whose interior fires babies used to be fed, should return to earth and investigate the details of modern machine worship, he would go back to hell a very much humbled ex-deity. He had his turn, but he would surely realize and admit that compared with our great twentieth century idol, Machine, he was a mere speck on the track.

So with Juggernaut. Juggernaut knows now that he was always a back number; a poor, lumbering tyro, with a large appetite, to be sure, but with very primitive means of gratifying it. Juggernaut had weight, but no speed. We have changed all that. Our idol has weight, velocity, a will of his own and no bowels. It claims the right of way on earth, and it would be a bold contestant who would deny that it is making good.

If Samuel Butler could re-read those amusing chapters toward the end of "Erehwon," wherein he told how the Erehwoners, after tremendous argument, concluded that their machines were going too strong, and destroyed them all, he would hardly know whether he was joking or not.

From Life. E. S. M.

I begin to suspect that the common transactions of life are the most sacred channels for the spread of the heavenly leaven. *George MacDonald.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion
The New Testament

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothmann

XXII
The Theocratic Parables

Miss Martha C. Dameier, Leader

"Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these, my brethren, even these least, ye did unto me."

Matt. xxv:40.

It is said that the word parable appears fifty times in the New Testament, mostly in the Synoptic Gospels. While it means a comparison of any kind, Archbishop Trench defines a parable as constructed to set forth a spiritual and heavenly truth. This emphasizes the difference between the parable and the fable which is essentially of the earth. The parable is not so readily distinguished from the allegory where the difference is one of form rather than content, the same difference of construction exists between the parable and the myth.

The use of the parable is one that all earlier teachers held in common with Jesus. The Christian Church did not welcome this discovery, but Max Mueller in commenting on it argues that a truth or an institution that has lived through the ages has of necessity a more vital significance for us. "A Power in Making Comparisons" is one of the characteristic names of Buddha, who often concentrated his teaching in the parable, the names of several of which are identical with those of the Gospels—"The Sower" and "The Prodigal Son." But for the most part the Gospel parables are of so unique an originality that their genuineness is not questioned. They are distinguished by their admirable clearness and vivid naturalness, and they probably tell us better than anything else what lay nearest to Jesus' heart.

The Parables of the New Testament have been classified into two general groups, the theocratic and the ethical. This lesson will concern itself with the first group, which are again divided into two classes,—the first of them being given during the Galilean ministry and the last shortly before the Crucifixion. The theocratic parables, probably better known as the Parables of the Kingdom, are found chiefly in Matthew. The reason for this is obvious, for the author was a Jew writing under the conviction that the coming of the Kingdom was near at hand that Jesus' mission was to prepare the people for this event. This Christian-Jewish thought distinguishes the parables in Matthew from the similar ones of the other gospels.

Capernaum, with its neighboring villages on the north shore of the Sea of Galilee, where Jesus spoke his first parables, has been called "The Cradle of Christianity," for here for the first time were people taught by Jesus his doctrine of God's love and universal brotherhood. Jesus lived here with his four friends, Simon and Andrew, and later two other brothers, James and John, who left their nets and followed Jesus on his journeys to and from Nazareth. They lived perhaps somewhat in the manner of the

Essenes and Jesus went among the people as other Rabbis did. Stapfer writes:

"It was not in the house that he spoke, but in the open air, on the shore of the lake, the splashing of whose harmless wavelets was far too gentle to stifle his voice. More or less everywhere on the lake-shore Jesus taught. The crowds listened standing on the shores; the fishermen brought their boats to the very margin of the grass to listen, while he, seated in the boat of Simon Cephas, pronounced a few beatitudes or related a parable. Waterfowl swam around the boat; the sky quivered with light, and the waves came softly up to die upon pebble and sand, amid the grass and the flowers."

Jesus found much suffering, poverty and ignorance and we read he was filled with compassion for them. His parables are evidences of how seriously he studied them and their needs. These first parables reflect so clearly the occupations and interests of the people that with the natural scenery for a background they are really dramas and stand out as pictures in our memory.

The first great parable is "The Sower," found in all the Synoptics and one that Jesus explained later to his disciples, the key to which is found in the fourth chapter of Mark. Jesus, of course, is the sower, the seed his message, and the ground receiving the seed the hearts of different classes of hearers. This is one of the group known as the Seed Parables, which includes "The Wheat and Tares," "The Mustard Seed" and "The Seed Growing Gradually." The last one is peculiar to Mark, who gives us only four or five parables. Professor Bruce in his "The Kingdom of God" calls our attention to the many parables in which the Kingdom is represented as subject to the laws of growth. The Parable of the Mustard Seed, found in both Matthew and Mark, typifies the growth of the Kingdom from the smallest of seeds, and Matthew emphasizes the thought by having the seed grow into a tree of such size as to allow large birds to roost in its branches. This is closely followed by the Parable of the Leaven, which teaches much the same thing. The leaven is the word and the flour the world. W. E. Leonard in the "Poet of Galilee" comments on this:

"Even in the brief mention of the women making bread, he (Jesus) tells us she hid the leaven not simply in the meal, but in three measures of meal—and that makes the difference between a lay-figure and an actual housewife. It is just these apparently trivial touches that betray the born story-teller."

That many will be found in the kingdom who have no right there is told in the parables of the "Wheat and the Tares" and "The Net." They also hint of the Messianic judgment.

The supreme value of the heavenly riches for the possession of which all sacrifice should be made is typified by the stories of "The Pearl of Great Price" and the "Hidden Treasure."

It is claimed that by placing the parables as much as possible at their true date we get a veritable history of Jesus' religious ideas. There are numerous instances during his Galilean ministry wherein he showed consideration for the people outside of the Jewish race. And later in his travels as he came more in contact with the pagan world his sectarianism fell away and in the parables spoken during his last days he shows a broader view of humanity. This with the prophetic note that they bear are the characteristics found in this group.

The parable of "The Two Sons" in Matthew and Mark, spoken when Jesus was in the Temple Courts, teaches that it is more difficult for the self-righteous to enter the Kingdom than it is for those whose sins they scorn.

In the story of the Wicked Tenants or the Faithless Vine Dressers, addressed to the chief priests, it is shown that it is the Jewish nation, and not its rulers only, who is guilty, and the nation Matthew speaks of means the faithful ones of God everywhere. The Vineyard is God's kingdom and the son whom he sent last is Jesus whom they put to death hoping to gain strength and influence; but Jesus uses the parable to suggest that the doctrine they reject will triumph over their opposition.

The "many invited" in the Parable of the Great Feast are the Jewish people and their rejection of the invitation is typified by their unreadiness. Their excuses are the various worldly interests that exclude from the mind all care for nobler things. Those called to take their place are the tax gatherers, sinners and Gentiles. Matthew's host is a king, Luke's a man. Luke says nothing of the unsuitable dress but Matthew adds the paragraph in which the king excludes the man who appeared without a suitable garment. All are invited but only those admitted who comply with the conditions of the invitation.

The parable of the Virgins or the Ten Bridesmaids shows the necessity of watchfulness and readiness.

The variations in the story of the Talents as told by Matthew and Luke make it difficult to determine whether the parables are distinct, or the same variously reported. The rewards are proportionated to faithfulness of service and teach that gifts unused are lost, while every effort put forth brings strength for future effort.

Jesus links the present with the future in the parable of the Great Judgment or the Sheep and the Goats. Professor Bruce speaks of the "blending of the future glory with present humiliation." He writes:

"He who shall come in his glory accompanied by all the holy angels, and take possession of His judicial throne before an assembled world, is one who can say: I have been an hungered, thirsty, a stranger, naked, sick, a prisoner. The fact of His having such a history throws a deep pathos into the judgment program, and divests it of every semblance of vain-glory or arrogant pretensions. . . . . The essence of Christianity is placed in love, and love is made the touchstone of character and the arbiter of destiny. A loftier ideal of judge and judgment it is not possible to conceive."

We do not want to forget the Eastern setting of these parables and a word quoted from a leaflet published by the "Friends of Our Native Landscape" will perhaps help our appreciation.

"Tagore has pointed out that the fundamental difference between Western and Eastern civilization lies in the fact that we of the West have been bred within walls, thus gaining a sense of separation, of 'artificial dissociation' between ourselves and 'Universal Nature.' Eastern civilization, on the other hand, had its birth in the forests, surrounded by nature. The results are to be found in the characteristics of West and East today; we seek the power of possession; the East seeks the power of union, that is, to realize the harmony between man's spirit and the spirit of nature."

I. What does the word parable mean?
II. How are the New Testament parables classified?
III. Where are the theocratic parables mostly found?
IV. What is the first great parable and where found?
V. Name all the parables you can find.

THE HOME

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE SENT TO MISS KATHERINE JONES, THE WINDEMERE, 1614 E. 56TH ST., CHICAGO

Helps to High Living

SUN.——War is not the last chapter in human history.

MON.—The end of the world is harmony. The last word is peace.

TUES.—The universe is fighting against the men who believe in and produce war.

WED.—The city of God is the city of love and light.

THURS.—The human race is in a process of evolution.

FRI.—Whole nations may degenerate, and whole races may drop from the tree of life, but humanity will move onward.

SAT.—Militarism is the arch devil of the modern world.

—Charles Edward Jefferson.

THE HORSES

"Thus far eighty thousand horses have been shipped from the United States to the European belligerents."

What was our share in the sinning,
That we must share the doom?
Sweet was our life's beginning
In the spicy meadow-bloom,
With children's hands to pet us
And kindly tones to call.
Today the red spurs fret us
Against the bayonet wall.

What had we done, our masters,
That you sold us into hell?
Our terrors and disasters
Have filled your pockets well.
You feast on our starvation;
Your laughter is our groan.
Have horses, then, no nation,
No country of their own?

What are we, we your horses,
So loyal where we serve,
Fashioned of noble forces,
All sensitive with nerve?
Torn, agonized, we wallow
On the blood-bemired sod;
And still the shiploads follow.
Have horses, then, no God?

Life. *—Katharine Lee Bates.*

The Beaver in Fact and Fiction

With the exception of human beings, the beaver is the only creature of the animal kingdom that can fell a tree. It does it in a manner similar to that followed by experienced woodsmen, and drops the trunks in just the way wanted. This, in itself, is a knack that only expert woodsmen know, and one that is learned only from experience and practice.

The Chippewyan Indians, a tribe living in the vicinity of Lake Athabasca, Northern Alberta, believe that they are directly descended from the beavers. Before an Indian kills one of the animals he humbly begs its pardon, by way of placating its spirit when it passes into the next world. Another interesting legend of the animal is the following, as told to the writer by an aged chief in the far north country:

"Long ago, in the beginning of time, the beavers were a mighty people and were kings of earth. And men were their slaves. But, as the years passed on, the men grew wiser and one day they revolted against their masters. A long war followed in which the beavers and the men fought many battles. And finally the men, in one last great battle, killed so many of the beavers that the animals were no longer masters of the earth. The king of beavers made a last stand in his dome-shaped house on Lake Athabasca. Badly wounded, and hopelessly outnumbered by the men warriors, the king dove beneath his house and swam out into the lake. For a long time, till he was out of reach of their spears, he swam under water. He reached the shore at the other side, but was so weak from loss of blood that he soon died."

The dome-shaped rock, known as Beaver Lodge, stands today on the shores of Athabasca Lake, not far from Fond du Lac. And directly across from this point, over some considerable area, is a reddish mineral sandy clay out of which the Indians make paint. This, they claim, is the dried blood of the king of beavers, lost when he lay down to die.

Our Dumb Animals.

—Francis J. Dickie.

Goats and Their Milk

On an area of 15,000 square miles Switzerland produces yearly $8,000,000 worth of goats and goat products. Spain, Italy and Greece are heavy producers of goats and goat products.

France, Belgium, and Germany are heavy producers, and are noted for the high milking qualities of their stock.

In Great Britain the British Goat Society (under supervision of the government) yearly publishes a stud register giving the names and owners of pedigree stud goats selected by the committee, and recommended for stock purposes.

In Bavaria the country is noted for its larger number of centenarians. This fact is attributed by doctors to the daily use of Yoghurt, a product of goat's milk.

Goat's milk being very digestible and rich, is recommended by doctors for the use of babies and invalids.

The goat is immune from the dreaded disease tuberculosis, or the white plague, so common among cattle and people.

With million of acres of the finest brush land in the world lying idle in the mountains, with the babies in the cities clamoring for proper food, the Pacific Northwest, and, in fact, the whole United States, offers opportunities for the milk-goat industry, the possibilities of which can hardly be estimated.

"Goat Keeper." *—V. D. Hondt.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

THE HERO OF KANSAS CITY

Kansas City has no monopoly on this hero. Portland, Maine, and Portland, Oregon, and many and many a small and large community between them, all can boast a similar honor. They rarely do, however. His heroism is not the sort to illuminate head-lines or inspire deathless song, for he is only the Hero of Good Humor, who meets good fortune and bad with a smile or a shrug, and who goes trudging on to the front, a little wistful, perhaps, but undismayed. Various nationalities have to own up to this type of hero; he is not indigenous to any particular clime. The editor of the Kansas City *Star* has no difficulty in discovering him in that city, and describes him for us, in case we are not familiar with him in his American aspect:

The hero here sung did not go down on the *Lusitania*. He never went in for ocean travel, or much travel of any kind. He makes the trip down-town every morning on the rear platform of a street-car, usually supporting another fellow citizen on one of his feet. When he is lucky enough to catch a jitney he sits comfortably in his luxurious seat, takes his hat off, lets the breeze toss his hair, and says happily to his neighbor that it is a beautiful morning, that the green trees and flowering shrubs make him want to sing, and that Kansas City is the finest town in the world, by George!

He gets up with the sun these spring mornings and while his fellow hero is making the bacon brown with one hand and washing Susie's face with the other he goes out and paints some more on the back fence. He says to himself, as he surveys the work, that next year he'll surprise the other hero with a hedge.

. . .

At breakfast the hero behind the coffeepot says she's going to issue an order, and, what's more, she wants it obeyed. He pretends to be awfully scared, but says shoot away, who's afraid? She says the order is that he go straight down to the store after he gets out from work and buy himself one of those straw hats advertised. He says pooh, that one up in the attic is good enough for another summer. She says it isn't any such thing. It's been cleaned and cleaned, and the brim has been trimmed and trimmed, and she doesn't propose to have him going around looking like a fright.

He says he'd rather spend the money to get John a new—

She says stop right there. John has got a new hat and when he sees it he'll say it came right out of the factory. She made it over from last year, changed the shape of the brim, and put a bright new ribbon on it. He says if that is so then he will issue an order. She shall take the money she saved on John's hat and march right down-town and buy herself some white shoes to go to Swope Park in. As for him, he is not going to sit there and be bossed.

And so the endless warfare goes on, self-denial pitted good-humoredly against self-denial. True, the hero-lady has somewhat the advantage, left alone in the house all day, with plenty of time to think up schemes, and plenty of material for 42-cm. self-denial all about her, but, as the editor goes on to remark, the man does not fall far behind.

Down at the office he eats his lunch at his desk and says, holding up his cake, that if there's any woman in the world who can dash off a better piece of frosting than that he'd like to see her perform. Then he brushes up the crumbs and puts them out on the fire-escape for the pigeons, and says those birds are getting to be a blamed nuisance, but they have got in the habit of looking to him for a feed, and what in the world can he do?

He buys his paper going home and folds it against the back of the man in front of him while he tries to read the ball scores. Then he reads the war-news and says those soldiers over there are real heroes, giving up everything to duty the way they do. He wishes he was as good a man as any one of them, but knows blamed well if they put him in the trenches he would prove a coward and run away.

—*The Literary Digest.*

OUR YOUNG HEROES

In the ruins of Pompeii, after they have shown you the great amphitheatre, the streets, the forum, the shops, the houses, the villas, they take you through the gate and show you the stone sentry-box where were found, buried in ashes, the rusted remains of the helmet and cuirass of a Roman sentinel. When the black cloud rose from the mountain, and the hot ashes fell around him, and the people rushed by him from the city in their frantic flight, he could do nothing but duty, he could *stand;* and so he stood; and died in his place, suffocated by the sulphury air. He was buried deep beneath ashes; and now, after eighteen hundred years, his disinterred remains testify to the nobleness which stands to its post even when all hope is gone.

It is perhaps the highest kind of courage, this of standing to our post, no matter whether we seem to succeed or to fail. For this, we dwell so often, with tearful eyes, on the story of heady fights, when young men stood firm at their post, even if conscious it was in vain. The three hundred at Thermopylæ, the six hundred at Balaclava, the men on Hill 60 and on the Gallipoli beach—these are heroic instances. Having done all, they stood, and stood to die. They stood, hour after hour, while the long waves of battle rolled up against them; stood, hearing the wild yells of the overwhelming masses brought up to crush them.

> "Theirs not to reason why,
> Theirs not to make reply;
> Theirs but to do, or die."

Such moments of heroic courage indicate to us all what is the real nobleness of life. It is to do all, and then stand; to stand firm to our duty, loyal to right, faithful to justice and truth, whether men help or forbear. Such courage makes it worth while to have lived.

—*The Christian Life.*

MAKE PEACE ATTRACTIVE!

The writer of an article in the May *Atlantic Monthly* on how to win over the public, especially young men of the soldier age, to wish for peace, to advocate peace, and to believe in peace with all their hearts is Albert J. Nock.

It is the best attempt I have come across to bring home to pacifists one element in the awful psychology of war, which we are apt to overlook. And with the problems the world has to face today, we cannot afford to overlook any motive that helps the militarists and the diplomatic schemers to gather in men to kill one another, with the ultimate object of annexing territory or acquiring markets.

While I am convinced that monopoly in land and other natural resources and our system of wholesale manufacture for private profit is at the foundation of modern wars, there are unquestionably other causes entering in. On the one hand there are in Europe the distracting quarrels and national irrita-

tions that have been inherited from past centuries; quarrels badly patched up and irritations incessantly felt. There are undemocratic constitutions and methods of representation that do not represent the workers, and ignore women altogether. There is the archaic adherence to secret diplomacy, which over and over again has involved nations in war without any reference to the wishes of their respective peoples. Especially today looms big the fact that certain trades make huge profits out of war, notably the manufacturers of guns and explosives and other deadly machines.

With none of these is Mr. Nock concerned at the present moment, though he probably would admit the validity of all of these as producing causes of war.

What he would like to do is to cut off the supply of soldiers, by making peace so attractive, and the arguments for peace so convincing that young men would no longer be so ready as the majority of them are today to go to the front.

Mr. Nock believes that when war threatens, or when war is declared, the common man, on account of the auspices and sanctions under which it is presented to him by his rulers, concerns himself very little with its justification in either reason or morality. But war does make a bid for his interest. It appeals to him as offering a chance in a life without opportunity; it appeals to the sense of a clear purpose, where the ordinary grind of life provides him none; and caters, too, to his pride of responsibility, by making him feel that much is expected of him.

A. H., in Life and Labor.

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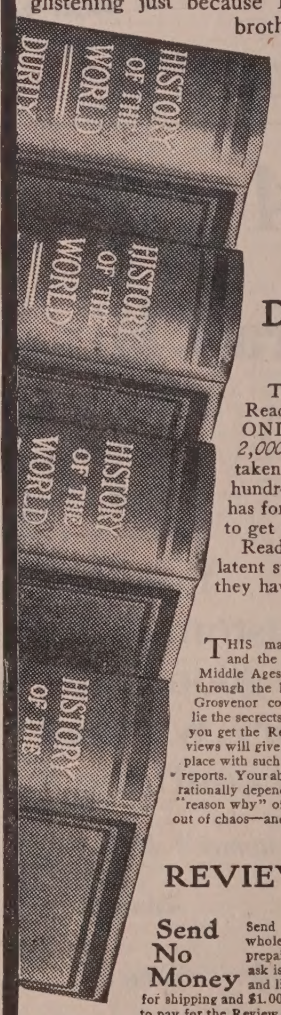

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